

# Oneida Circular.

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## THE UNITED COMMUNITIES.

### ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

### WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one and one-fourth miles north of O. C. Number of members, 19. Business, Manufactures.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Lovers," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does *not* mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

## ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

## PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load;  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet;  
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright—  
Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should bleed—  
Through peace to light.  
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here;  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear,  
I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
And follow thee;  
Joy is like restless day: but Peace divine  
Like quiet night;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine  
Through peace to light.

[Adelaide A. Proctor.]

## PAUL'S FEAT.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

IF a man sets his face toward the world, and gives himself up to business with no other object in life than to gain riches and power, he has a very simple and easy task. All he has to do is to make the most of his opportunities, push straight for his object, and care for nothing else. On the other hand, if a man turns right round, with his back to the world and his face towards God, obeying thoroughly the injunction to "seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," and to be "careful for nothing," that also seems to be a simple course of action. A person in that position has at any rate but one thing to do, and that is to please God, caring for nothing else. Here are the opposite life-purposes of mankind, in their simple, unmixed form. But we may conceive of another position in which pure devotion and high business activity are combined; and this introduces a system of motions more complex. For a person to set his face toward God, and his back toward the world, and at the same time attempt to do business in the world for God—that requires compound action. It is not so simple or easy as either of the other courses, in which the man is traveling in the direction toward which his face is set. To set your face one way and work the other, is difficult. It is like running backward; yet it can be done.

Of all the men I ever saw or heard of, the one who could best perform that feat was Paul. I wonder at him as I study his career. I admire and almost envy the facility with which he learned to run backward—to keep his face toward God, and yet be full of outward activity. There never was a man who made such a sensation in the world, never one so busy in all kinds of mighty deeds, traveling

and working with his hands, preaching from house to house, and going through all manner of tribulations. Yet all this outward work was really running backward. His face was toward God all the time, and never toward his business. This is the greatest praise that can be given him. It may be said of Paul that he could run backward faster than other men can run forward.

There is no reason why any one else may not learn to do what he did, but it requires peculiar training, and we have but poor examples of it in these modern times. We must learn the art from Paul himself. He can teach the secret of living in the inner and the outer world at the same time, and yet keeping a thorough unity of purpose, which shall make all that is done in the outer serve the purpose of the inner life. The case with most persons is, that when they turn their face toward God and determine that they will have nothing else before them but him and the doing of his will, they are crippled in the direction of business, and tempted into what may be called *quietism*, the spending of all their time in contemplation, inward striving and prayer. Paul had no such difficulty, but was a saint in the midst of business. He probably had not a thousandth part of the opportunity we have for sitting down and giving himself up to the study of internal truth. He studied theology in circumstances as distracting as a traveler finds himself in while climbing the Alps, or a soldier in the chaos of battle. He subdued everything within him, cast down imaginations, and brought "every thought into captivity," without losing his external activity. That is a good thing to be able to do; and his example shows that it can be done.

## CORRELATION OF INSPIRATION.

BY HENRY J. SEYMOUR.

PREVIOUS to the statement of the somewhat wonderful proposition, "Not a particle of matter can ever be annihilated," the science of chemistry was entirely undeveloped. Nor was it possible to give the existing phenomena of chemistry any scientific arrangement so long as philosophers believed that matter under certain conditions is capable of disappearing into absolute nothingness. It has been found that the phenomena which attend the action of natural forces, called Dynamics, could not be scientifically arranged nor intelligently dealt with until the corresponding proposition was put forth and acknowledged: viz., "Not an iota of force is ever lost;" i. e., it may at one time appear in the form of motion, at another in the form of heat, at another in that of light or of electricity. It is only by the discovery and acknowledgment of this

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law, that dynamics have been reduced to an intelligible science.

A careful observation of facts, as well as the law of analogy, would seem to demonstrate that inspiration, or the influx of heavenly power, is governed by a similar law. The prevailing notion about the matter is, that this power manifests itself only at rare intervals under certain mysterious conditions which accompany religious revivals, and that it unaccountably disappears whenever those conditions cease to present themselves. Would it not be more scientific to assume that this force has always existed in the world, that it is the animus of all progress, and that it manifests itself in various ways which for the time being are determined by circumstances? It is an exceedingly narrow-minded view to conclude that inspiration has existed in this world but once, at the time of the apostolic church, and that its only work then was to operate on the character of certain people of that age in such a manner as to produce the New Testament; ascribing thus all the progress which has since been made in the arts of civilization to some other power. Why may we not assume that there are other revivals than religious revivals, which, nevertheless, take their animus from the same power? Why may there not be liberty revivals, art revivals and business revivals, as well as religious revivals, all receiving their impulse from heaven, and all tending toward the same grand result? Let the student of history take this idea for a key, and he can unlock many a mystery which he cannot otherwise reach. Let our hearts and minds become fairly interpenetrated with this idea and we shall utterly abolish the partition which is set up between things sacred and things secular, and "Holiness to the Lord" will be our motto in every undertaking.

There is, perhaps, no better illustration of the correlation or convertibility of heavenly power, than may be found in the late history of this nation. The power of God in the form of a religious revival was most strikingly apparent for a period previous to 1834. At about that time, however, the afflatus which was at the center of the movement apparently disappeared. It seemed to be banished from existence in much the same way that it had been formerly supposed that combustibles are annihilated by fire. But what was the next manifestation on the great national scale? Nothing less than the movement which culminated in the destruction of slavery.

Shall we now say that heavenly inspiration was the animus of the religious revival, and that the liberty revival that banished slavery found its source of power elsewhere? The consciousness of every thoughtful mind during that dreadful struggle contradicts it.—Every one seemed to hear the voice of God saying to the nation, "Abolish slavery or sink." If this is the great law by which inspiration works in this world, then it behooves those who wish to cooperate with God to look about, and if possible discover where he is at work. Slavery is now abolished, but we may be sure that heaven's power is not one whit less active at this instant, than it was amid the smoke and carnage of our battles for liberty.

Heaven's choicest blessings are reserved for those who succeed in finding, and most heartily flowing into, the current of inspiration which God is continually sending into the world.

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S CONUNDRUM.

**E**VEN those who choose not to "go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire" are often puzzled to find the "strait and narrow way" to heaven. They wish to keep in "the way." But how? Altogether perplexed the would-be Christian often succumbs to this as a terrible conundrum he cannot answer. After all, is this not, like most conundrums, difficult only in seeming; perplexing from its very simplicity, like a clear but shallow pool, which, reflecting cloud and hill, impresses us with depths profound.

The Christian has always a vivid consciousness of the ideal man. How oft he views him o'er—unselfish, full of charity, humble and of good report. Often, too, he scans himself—his old life. Here he finds pride, selfishness, unthankfulness—a brood of faults. Looking first on this picture and then on that, each time the ideal takes new beauties, while the real becomes more repulsive. Up springs, too, by contrast, a desire, painful in its intensity, to realize his ideal. Faith tells him it is possible. He believes her. Only thus, he knows, is heaven to be attained.

According as he seeks is the Christian rewarded by disappointment or success. According as he seeks does the conundrum of salvation appear simple or difficult.

One way often taken by the Christian, with the hope of solving the riddle, is this:

Keeping the ideal and real vividly before his mind, filled with the desire of being purged from his "old life," the Christian perpetually contrasts the two in all their detail. He burdens himself with good resolutions. This habit is to be abstained from; that passion is to be curbed. He won't speak hastily, nor act from selfish motives; and so on—*ad infinitum*.

None ever overcame in this way. No! not if he "pray without ceasing" will the Christian thus realize his ideal. Seeking thus he soon finds himself in a sea of trouble, Scylla on one hand, Charybdis on the other. Some fault committed calls his attention to one passion or trait. He makes numberless good resolutions and bends all his energies to the attainment of this one item of perfection. For awhile he floats serenely. Alas! suddenly he runs against a sunken rock—is wrecked against some other besetting sin on which he has before been stranded, about which he has already paved *inferno* with good resolutions, but which he had altogether lost sight of, as single-eyed he steered his bark toward a haven of rest from some other failing. Thus it goes. Thus it will go till whelmed in some gulf of deep distress, he at last learns not to ask omnipotence of himself. There is but one Omnipotent. Then he seeks this other way, and the terrible conundrum is answered.

Behold the metaphor changes! No longer the Christian sails a troubled sea, beset with sunken rocks, yawning caverns and whirlpools

dire. A student now in God's laboratory, studying spiritual chemistry under divine teaching, he sees the foolishness of his past courses in a new light. 'Tis now he learns that his ideal is the product of a mixture between his life and the life of Christ. Before he has sought to obtain the product without first mixing his chemicals. He has not taken things in their order. He has expected effect to precede cause.

To the Christian, acquainted with but the rudiments of heavenly chemistry, how simple the conundrum of salvation. All his energies are bent towards thoroughly mixing his life with the life of Christ.

This is salvation. There may be intermediate phenomena, but, Christian, be patient, the product is sure. A. E. H.

#### THE CIRCULATION OF LIFE.

[Selected from G. W. N.'s Writings.]

**I**F an iron bar is heating at one end, the tendency is for the heat to distribute itself through the whole length of the bar. No matter how long it may be, or what may be the situation of the further end, there is the same steady transmission of heat, and the same tendency to equilibrium. If the fire is removed while one end of the rod is red hot and the other quite cool, the heat soon equalizes itself through the whole length, and both ends grow cold together. This results from the unity and intimate compaction of particles in the iron.

We as believers may conceive of ourselves as forming the cool end of a rod that terminates at the other end in the white heat of heaven. We are as though immersed for the present in snow and water; but the other end is in a furnace, and there is a steady, inevitable flow of heat, not through the external elements, but through the interior unity, that is gradually softening the surrounding cold. All our trials and tribulations are only a sign that we are giving out heat. They do not come from our inward relations, but from our outward; and we may comfort ourselves with the idea that they do not check at all the central transit of heat from the furnace, and that what we lose others around us gain. This rod may be conceived of as embracing all who will be saved, extending even through Hades. Above us, the resurrection end touches the central fire of God—we in the middle are more or less surrounded with cold,—and there is an end below us that is perhaps immersed in water. But the same interior unity extends from one end to the other; and we must be willing not only to receive heat from those before us, but also to transmit it to those beyond. And this involves, more or less, the suffering that we experience. It is a warfare through the whole length of the rod, of heat against the surrounding cold and obstruction. Every drop of water and clog of ice along the whole line must be evaporated before we can have peace. We are assured that heat is prevailing, and that by the inevitable law of nature and of grace, it will bring up the whole rod to the whiteness of heaven's love and life.

The only question in regard to overcom-

ing the form of death is in relation to the state of heat in the rod. It is evident that in no case can believers really die; that is, they cannot be separated from this transmission of vital influence. The most they can do is to change their place from this world to perhaps a colder situation in Hades. But it is also evident, that sooner or later the equilibrium of life will so far overcome the opposition of evil as to bring all believers up to the standard of the resurrection—i. e., the *form* of death will cease, and Hades itself glow with immortality.

In the light of the illustration we have given may be seen the advantages of the confession of Christ. All direction of the attention toward Christ and the heavenly church, while it is obeying the warm attractions that we have received, is also opening the pores (to speak metallically) for more. The vital spirit of heaven circulates through and takes possession of us by a belief and confession of Christ.

#### HOW I CAME INTO THE TRUE PATH.

IV.

BY JAMES BURTON HERRICK.

MY scheme for going to China being thwarted, I returned to the seminary for the last year of my course, and applied myself faithfully to study. At the end of the term I was examined, no questions being asked me on the subject of sanctification, and I was ordained by Bishop Meade and Bishop Johns, and became an Episcopal minister. The day previous to my ordination I married and took my wife to my father's house. During the following summer I was invited to preach in a number of places, and in September was called to take charge of a mission church in Lexington Avenue, New York. Here I worked with great earnestness, preaching three times on Sunday, giving a lecture every Wednesday, and holding prayer-meetings in the houses of the poor twice a week. Visiting the sick, burying the dead, baptizing and marrying, also took up much of my time.

There was a question on my mind that I had not yet settled, which made my preaching quite inconsistent; and the more I preached and thought on the subject the more difficult it appeared to solve it. It was the old question of the apostle Paul: "*How can we who are dead to sin live any longer therein?*" A friend who very often came to my church walked home with me one evening, and as we went along we had an animated discussion on the subject of sanctification. He said at last, "How do you reconcile the existence of sin and the existence of Christ in the same person?" Suddenly the idea flashed into my mind as it had never done before, that Christ and sin are mutually destructive, and that one must have sway to the destruction of the other. I then answered boldly "I do not reconcile them! I will never again try to do it. Sin must and shall be destroyed!"

A few days after this conversation, Mr. Easton, a young man who had come from the Young Men's Christian Association to help me in my Sunday-school, knowing how much I was interested in the subject of sanctification, told me that he knew a man who professed that

Christ kept him from all sin in this world; and at my earnest request he soon introduced me to Mr. Thomas Graham. After a little preliminary conversation, I asked him if it were true that he lived without sin. He replied, "It is true that Christ keeps me from sin continuously." I was very glad to hear it, as he was the first man I had ever seen who gave such testimony. When we parted he gave me a tract by J. H. Noyes, entitled, "Salvation from Sin the End of Christian Faith." This I eagerly read, and found it established a full and satisfactory defense and vindication of the character of St. Paul. There was no German philosophy or transcendentalism about it; it was a plain, straightforward, irresistible case, made from the New Testament, not only that salvation from sin is desirable and possible, but was actually obtained by St. Paul while he lived in this world. My own struggles to vindicate St. Paul had not been quite useless, for they made me appreciate the mind and heart of a man who could, in the face of orthodoxy, carry the case of St. Paul's salvation from all sin through to so logical and irresistible a conclusion.

(To be continued.)

#### FERN-TALK.

I.

BY POLYPODY.

I HAD finished haying; my red clover was packed down in the great mow; and my herd's-grass was put up on the scaffolds over the stable. My wheat and rye were stowed away in bundles atop the hay, waiting to be threshed. Our patch of corn was ripening slowly; and it would be a long time before the potatoes would need digging. Work is not pressing, you see. And while the boys are hunting along the brambly hedgerows for blackberries and going off to the back-lots to brush their legs against the sweet-fern and get huckleberries, I will do what I have been long intending to do—I will go and cut a lot of bog-hay. I may be long about it, for I shall not make long days. And when I get it I shall not bring it home on a two-horse wagon, myself riding on top and calling out smartly to the man to open the gate and fling wide the great barn-doors. A farmer proud of his horses, and proud of his land, riding on a load of bog-hay with no scholars or mechanics near to measure him, is just my idea of a big show and a small substance; and I think I know what is show and what is substance. I shall bring my hay home on a high jolting cart with two red oxen, myself walking by their side, now whipping over to hit the off one, now touching up the nigh one with a brad in the butt of my whip; and when I get it home I shall stack it near the barn to give our place an air of profusion and plenty. But I have not cut a clip yet. When I begin I shall mow off the bull-rushes which grow in the pools; the three-cornered sedges which stand on tussucks; the poison-ivy, for I can deal with a small degree of evil; I shall cut around the poison-sumach, and the bill-berries which turn so red in the fall; and I shall reach out after the tall hog-brakes and after the Lady Ferns.

If you want to know what nature can do in the way of making leaves, just stop awhile and get acquainted with the ferns. Having made her first leaf we may believe that she went on perfecting it, adding grace after grace, and, casting all our small ideas of use behind her, she fashioned and refashioned it, until leaving the earth strown with a hundred thousand preliminary studies she at last made the ferns and then ceased from her work.

This idea may not accord with geological discovery, but I will let it stand. The ferns have been words of revelation to me, communications from the divine mind, and supplemental leaves of holy writ, teaching me that after God has laid down for himself some principle of unity he is not afraid to hide it under the wildest exuberance of forms.

The ferns, growing as they do in all manner of out-of-the-way places—in dreary bogs, under cliffs, on north-side banks, on exposed rocks, in forests and on trees even, keeping themselves well remote from the farmer and his corn and potatoes, they teach us to look into the chinks and crannies and to the outlying promontories of the mind if we would find the lurking-place of genius. Besides their beauty they have a sweet mystery which comes from their secret ways in love and propagation. Who has ever seen a fern-seed? In times when fancy was too strong for science people imagined that fern-seed could make them invisible as itself. In "King Henry the Fourth," Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, "We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible." These plants have so little to do with our eating and drinking we should never have penetrated their mystery had it not been for the botanists. They tell us that fern-seeds are no seeds at all, but only some very fine spores or grains, which grow in the substance of the leaf, or frond as it is called, making numerous brown dots on the back of the Polypody, and a kind of hem on the edges of the Maidenhair, and, having the power of germinating in moist situations, spread out into a prothallus, something like a lichen, which disappears by and by and leaves a bud to become a fern at last. Telling us all this they have not done much to disenchant us.

It is very becoming in the ferns to keep back in the shade where, if they ever see a farmer, they stand with bended heads; they are so very useless to him who, looking on them as only fit to bed his cattle, throws them into his stable with the orts from his mangers. The natives of Tasmania, however, are said to feed on one species of fern. When a boy I used to pull up the Flowering Fern, and, stripping off the fronds, get at its bud of undeveloped leaves—an aromatic morsel which I crunched and swallowed, half in fear and half in pleasure. The young shoots of Common Brake are boiled and eaten for greens; and its roots are sometimes used for making beer. In saying this for their utility I have said about all I can.

The ferns are chiefly valuable for their medicinal qualities; they are lenitive and pectoral. I have myself found that they have a softening effect on the mind and that they are indeed pectoral and good for the breast.

I was at work one spring day mending brush-fence. I had not really found my work or love then, nor God. I was not a happy fence-maker. On one side of me was a pasture where the cattle walked around gravely putting their noses down between the stones to get bites of grass and clover. On the other side was a piece of woodland. At one corner of it was a large mass of hemlock intermixed with some beech-trees that still clung to their pale, brown leaves. It was a rustic, cheerful scene, tempered by a touch of solemnity. Underneath the trees was a rock spotted with lichens; matted with plats of soft green moss on which you might cushion yellow jewels; tufted and set off with spriggy birches, young hemlocks, and ferns which not only grew on the stone and in the angles between it and the earth, but were spread out all around. The ferns were indeed pectoral and did me good, but they could not cure me.

A man has to be something of a protestant to enjoy the ferns. He has to push against that part of his education which makes us underrate everything that does not help get a living; he has to

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push against something that is jealous of "cakes and ale" and pleasure. It strikes me that life cannot go forward on a strict adhesion to piety and money-getting any better or any more gracefully than could our speech with nothing but nouns and verbs. In praising the ferns I am not saying anything against thrift or purity; I am only standing up for the adverbs and qualifying clauses.

Maybe it is a bit of recklessness in me to dwell on an order of plants, the members of which are known and cherished only by a set of enthusiasts called botanists, and ill-known and detested by another set of folks called farmers. All I have to say for myself is, that I am writing for that gentle fellow, who, knowing a great deal more than I do, does n't mind having me jog him a little and call his attention to what he has seen a hundred times, for he knows that his vision is as keen as any man's and only needs to be set agoing.

## ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JUNE 17, 1872.

THE NEW YORK HERALD AND ITS FOUNDER.

BY GEORGE CRAGIN.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, is dead; but the paper that he started in a cellar in Wall-st., New York city, thirty-seven years ago, lives, and is not likely to soon lose the momentum he gave it. It might be said of Mr. Bennett emphatically, that he lived in his paper and his paper lived in him; the *New York Herald* had at least one sincere worshiper from the day of its birth till the demise of its proprietor.

At its conception Mr. Bennett proposed to make the *Herald* the liveliest, freest, freshest newspaper in the world. To that end he subordinated everything over which he had the least control; and well did the tall Scotchman know how to make a paper "take" with the mass of the people on the one hand, and with the commercial world on the other. For the former, his paper must be cheap, witty, personal and sensational; and for the latter, it must contain the freshest and most reliable news. It was evidently no part of Mr. Bennett's object to make a faultless record of events with impartial comments thereon, and so claim for the *Herald* the highest standard of journalistic excellence. The freedom with which he handled all subjects astonished the sedate conservatives of that early period. In reporting the fullest details of trials in criminal courts the *Herald* outstripped all competitors; and in cases where facts of a sensational order were wanting, the editor seemed to possess the art of producing them off-hand, or what would pass as such. Moreover, he and his reporters seemed to be ubiquitous. He would manage in some mysterious way to have the *Herald* represented in every meeting, political or religious, and obtain the leading facts for his morning paper. We remember a number of instances in which societies of a benevolent and reformatory character, having attempted to hold strictly private sessions by excluding all but actual members, so that they could talk in the freest manner, were astonished and dismayed to find their sayings and doings published the next day in the *Herald*.

A peculiar feature of the *Herald* was its marked individuality. The idea of an "associated press," furnishing telegraphic news alike to all of its members, would never have been dreamed of by Mr. Bennett. His unbounded self-confidence excluded all communistic ideas from his mind; but alone he achieved great things: he revolutionized the news department of journalism when he projected and

executed his plan for running after news instead of waiting for news to come to him. To distance all competitors, in procuring and publishing the earliest possible intelligence, stimulated his highest ambition; and every success was followed by loud boasting and self-congratulation. Thirty years ago, it seemed to many people as though the editor of the *Herald* had a single eye to the opportunities of self-praise in everything he did or suffered. At the time he received corporeal chastisement in the street at the hands of another editor, for some offensive remarks in the *Herald*, he very likely said to himself while receiving the blows of a rawhide, "What a capital item I can make of this for my paper!" And, sure enough, he retaliated with his pen in a way very damaging to his castigator.

But the thing most appreciated by many readers of the *Herald* was the editor's wit; and it was that element in his character that his opponents dreaded more than all others. His self-laudation contained so much of that element that one could hardly know whether he was a prodigious egotist, or was ironically showing how contemptible a thing self-praise is. As a specimen of his general style of composition, we copy the following, from the *Herald* of June 1, 1840:

To the Readers of the *Herald*—Declaration of Love—Caught at Last—Going to be Married—New Movement in Civilization.

I am going to be married in a few days. The weather is so beautiful, times are getting so good, the prospects of political and moral reform so auspicious, that I cannot resist the divine instinct of honest nature any longer, so I am going to be married to one of the most splendid women in intellect, in heart, in soul, in property, in person, in manner, that I have yet seen during my interesting pilgrimage through human life. I cannot stop in my career. I must fulfill that awful destiny which the Almighty Father has written against my name in the broad letters of life against the walls of Heaven. I must give the world a pattern of happy wedded life with all the charities that spring from a nuptial love. In a few days I shall be married according to the most holy rites of the most holy Christian church, to one of the most remarkable, accomplished and beautiful young women of the age. She possesses a fortune. I sought and found a fortune—a large fortune. She has no Stonington shares of Manhattan stock, but in purity and uprightness she is worth half a million of pure coin. Can any swindling bank show as much? In good sense and elegance, another half million; in soul, mind and beauty, millions on millions, equal to the whole specie of all the rotten banks in the world. Happily, the patronage of the public to the *Herald* is nearly \$25,000 per annum, almost equal to a President's salary. But property in this world's goods was never my object. Fame, public good, usefulness in my day and generation; the religious associations of female excellence; the progress of true industry—these have been my dreams by night and my desire by day. In the new and holy condition into which I am about to enter, and to enter with the same reverential feelings as I would heaven itself, I anticipate some signal change in my feelings, in my views, in my purposes, in my pursuits. What this may be I know not—time alone can tell. My ardent desire through life has been to reach the highest order of human excellence by the shortest possible cut. Association night and day, in sickness and in health, in war and in peace, with a woman of this highest order of excellence must produce some curious results in my heart and feelings, and those results the future will develop in due time in the columns of the *Herald*. Meanwhile I return my heartfelt thanks for the enthusiastic patronage of the public both of Europe and America. The holy estate of wedlock will only increase my desire to be still more useful. God Almighty bless you all. J. G. BENNETT.

His friends claim, as an excuse for his hard-hearted unbelief, that he was a born skeptic. He called himself a Liberal Catholic—so liberal that he tolerated all faiths and creeds; but those who met the opposition of the *Herald* in the old revival times thirty years ago thought him the worst of religious scoffers.

His example of perseverance and success under the most adverse circumstances should not be for-

gotten in our criticism of his general character. May we not also recognize an overruling Providence in his journalistic career? His great paper was established just at the time when the Press was to become the successful rival in the Pulpit as a medium of public instruction and influence. He was an important factor in that movement. His boldness, energy, originality, developed new power in the Press, while his hatred of humbug and religious cant—told against the undue respect previously entertained for everything clerical.

### COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The Leicesters and Cotswolds are rejoicing these warm days in a "short cut."

—Rain and shine, shine and rain. There is no reliance to be placed upon the weather these days—all signs fail. Sunday was a most promising fair day and the warmest of the season; but Monday morning all nature was in tears again, and through the day, though the sun would occasionally peep through the clouds, it was the surest precedent to a sudden outburst of rain.

—The "pile" of buildings north of the cow-barn, which includes "The Keep," Preservatory, Dye-House and Boiler-Room, is now nearly completed. It is certainly the queerest group of houses on our domain. Preparations are making for a more extensive fruit-preserving business than we have had for several years.

—Some who intend visiting the Community may like to know when the trains reach and leave our station. Here is the latest time-table:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
Mail . . .	10:27 A. M.	Mail . . .	11:41 A. M.
Accom. . .	3:28 P. M.	Accom. . .	1:10 P. M.
Express . .	4:47 "	Express . .	7:47 "

—The Midland brings us visitors from many climes. The latest was a young woman from Russia—one of the Communists of St. Petersburg. She has been in this country not a month, and cannot converse in English. She speaks French fluently, and through Mr. Herrick, who is somewhat versed in that language, we were enabled to understand each other. She had read of us in Russia, and called for the purpose of acquainting herself with our principles and practical life, that she may be able to teach, or, as she expressed it, "become a propagandist in St. Petersburg." She interested us one evening in giving an account of the condition of her country, especially since the emancipation of the serfs. She said this class are not enriched by the change—they are about as they were before they obtained their freedom. They drink excessively; not only the men, but the women and children, are often drunk. They cannot rise so long as this is the case. They have gained one important privilege by their emancipation—that of not being sold. Families cannot be broken up, and parents and children separated. They can hold real estate if they have the money to buy it. They also have the liberty, which they had not previously, of going from one place to another.—There are three classes of people in Russia; the nobles, the middle or merchant class, and the serfs. Many of the nobles have been made poor by the emancipation of the serfs, as they do not like to work. The poor people live on black bread, and a poor, sour kind of wine. In the middle of Russia there is a people who live very miserably. They are crowded closely together—sometimes twenty-five persons with all their domestic animals in a single unventilated apartment. But in the southern part people are richer and are excessively clean and have the modern improvements of civilized people. As you approach St. Petersburg the land is less fertile, the climate more

severe, and the people suffer for want of food. Some even live on the roots of trees. Upon being asked if the serfs are limited in respect to marriage, she replied—"No, there is no limitation of that kind. Marriage among them before their emancipation was regulated by their masters; but now the parents decide the destiny of their children, assisted by the grandfather; and if they are dead, the eldest brother arranges the marriage of his brothers and sisters according to his own wishes."—Communism prevails only among the noble class. The Communists are very closely watched by the government. The class of nobles are very much tinctured with revolutionary ideas, and are not very loyal to the Emperor.—Our visitor was very intelligent, and showed evidence of cultivation in many ways. She herself is a daughter of a nobleman, and has wealth and position in her own country. Her nearest friends are ignorant of her Communistic principles. She stayed over Sunday, and left on Monday morning. She must have learned while here that we are not anxious to secure propagandists of our principles.

—Some one recently brought to light a budget of old manuscripts; among which were the correspondence between Mr. John Noyes, (the father of our John H. Noyes) and his two sons, Horatio and John H., who were at that time attending college. The perusal of these letters has afforded us not a little amusement, and are really very entertaining. The solicitude of the elder Mr. Noyes for the moral conduct of his sons is very prominent. The appended extract is a fair specimen of many others. It bears the date of Oct. 2, 1830:

JOHN NOYES'S ADVICE TO HIS SON IN COLLEGE.

You have not told us how you got along in your examination, but we presume you met with no difficulty. It now remains for you to keep a good standing in your class. The way and the only way to do this is to be very careful in improving your whole time to the best advantage. You will regret it extremely if by any negligence you should fall in the rear. There is no need of it. Take good care of your health. Let your morals be always pure. Keep good company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," which means good morals. Remember you have begun a new era in your life, and whatever others may be or do, you must be a man, and a correct man in all things.

—In a conversation the other evening Mr. E. H. H. made these remarks:

"Upon awaking this morning I thought of the doctrine that Christ is within us. The notable passage in the tenth chapter of Romans, 'If thou shalt confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved,' came to me with new force. We are complete in him, and his righteousness is in us. I had been feeling a pressure from the spirit of disease, and this thought gave me strength. The gospel that God's righteousness is sufficient for us is the gospel brought out by Mr. Noyes in 1834. It is a new gospel, or rather an old gospel brought out anew. This turning of my attention toward the righteousness and power of Christ seemed to give me new confidence and trust in God, and a sense of security and freedom from care and fear. The idea of one great righteousness as the source of all righteousness is a glorious one; it is the great mystery of the gospel—hid from the proud and self-sufficient, but revealed to the simple-hearted."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

VII.

THE AMANA SOCIETY.

Omaha, Neb.

DEAR CIRCULAR:

On my way from Davenport, I stopped off one train at Homestead, some eighteen miles from Iowa City, to look in upon the German Communists located there. These people, now forming the Amana Society, were formerly called Ebenezers when residing near Buffalo, N. Y., whence they moved to their present location about fifteen years

ago. They have been known as a religious sect in Germany for over one hundred years, and in their early days suffered considerable persecution; but they never practiced community of property until after they came to this country.

In 1842 they purchased 6,000 acres of choice land on the old Seneca Reservation, situated within eight miles of Buffalo, and afterwards added 3,000 acres to their already extensive domains. Their large fields were among the most thoroughly cultivated of any in the State, and their cotton and woolen goods, especially yarns and flannels, obtained a great reputation. In manufacturing they are very successful, and have become the most wealthy Community in the United States. On selling out their property near Buffalo, it was reported that they received about \$5,000,000 for their whole interest there. Before selling they spent some time prospecting in the west for a new home, and finally settled here in central Iowa, where they now own 30,000 acres of the finest land to be found in this far-famed State.

On reaching the Homestead station on the line of the Rock Island and Pacific R. R., I found an Amana settlement located near the depot, and numbering about three hundred persons. The dwelling-houses were scattered along on one main wide street, for nearly a mile, and resembled those of an ordinary village. They are mostly of wood—only here and there one of brick—with little variety in style of architecture. They looked substantial, but quite plain, and none of them had ever been "defaced by a paint-brush," outside or in. Grape-vines are neatly trained up the sides of the houses, and choice fruit trees are seen in the yards; there are also indications that some attention is given to the cultivation of flowers. While most of the houses were evidently designed for one family, a few might be called double-houses, in which two families have each its distinct apartments.

At their hotel I was at first received by a young German woman, who was unable to speak English, but the landlady, who was quite at home in English, soon made her appearance, and kindly directed me to the house of the Resident Director or Trustee, Mr. Wittmer.

The society is an incorporated institution under the laws of the State of Iowa, and its property is held by trustees. The general management of affairs is in the hands of fifteen trustees. They have seven settlements, located within a few miles of one another, and numbering in all about 1,500 persons. One of the trustees resides in each settlement or village, and acts as father or head-manager; and the settlements are all visited by the Board of Trustees once a month, who look after the interests of the society as a whole.

I found Mr. Wittmer, the Resident Trustee, in the tailor-shop connected with his house, where clothing is made for the settlement. He was a stout, pleasant-looking German of about fifty, and received me cordially on learning that I was from the O. C., inviting me to dine with him. Public dining-rooms or boarding-houses are provided at convenient distances apart. Usually six or eight families eat at one dining-room, which is considered much more economical than for each family to have its separate kitchen, bakery and dining-room. There is also a public wash-room or laundry, to which the women repair once a week to do up their family washing in what we at O. C. should call a "bee," but they do not as yet have first-class laundry accommodations.

A public dining-room is located in the basement of a wing to the trustee's house. It is neat but quite plain, the pine tables being covered with red paint instead of table-cloths. In fact, I saw signs of the paint-brush only in the dining-rooms. The floor was covered with clean saw-

dust. I sat down with my host to a substantial and well-cooked meal, better than is usually found among western farmers; but as the people I was visiting were Germans so was the dinner. First came excellent soup, brought on smoking-hot in a large earthen dish, followed by one or two kinds of meat and vegetables, including of course cabbage, the German sweet and sour bread, and coffee that reminded me of the beverage bearing the same name found among the Pennsylvania Germans.

The Amanians cling to their good old German ways in dress and general habits, and are not in bondage to the outside world. All have an equal interest in the property; individuals are not allowed anything for their services, or furnished with money for their private use. Each settlement has a store, and all are allowed to draw a certain amount yearly from it for their private wants. A man with a family is allowed from \$50 to \$70, with \$20 for his wife, and \$10 for each child. This is expected to keep them in clothing and household furniture and supply all their little personal needs. When persons find that the amount appropriated is not sufficient for their actual expenses the matter can be laid before the Board of Trustees, who will exercise their judgment about making an additional appropriation. Mr. Wittmer informed me that he lacked \$300 of using up his allowance during the time he had been connected with the society. On learning that the O. C. had no appropriation last year for clothing, he seemed much pleased, and said their people had seriously considered the expediency of doing the same thing another year. They seemed reticent in regard to their religious faith, but I received the impression that they are a temperate, religious, God-fearing and Bible-loving people. They have no publications, in English at least, giving their peculiar religious views; and it is rather difficult for Americans to get at the workings of their interior life; but certainly there is something very beautiful in the thought that 1,500 people are living together in peace and harmony, with one common interest. It is their custom to meet every day in small companies about the settlement, and in rooms provided for the purpose, to devote half an hour to religious exercises; on Wednesday they meet in the middle of the day; Sundays they all come together in their meeting-house for religious services. They do not appear to specially favor marriage, and many of them are living single. When young people wish to marry, they generally receive the consent of the society if they have a reputation for good behavior. If the parties have not succeeded in commending themselves, they are not allowed to marry. In the early days of this society they decided not to have any children for a while, and for several years they succeeded in controlling propagation. Even now they have but few children born among them, and I did not see many young people there. They give their children a fair, common-school education, but do not, I judge, give any opportunities for liberal culture.

A leading principle of the society is that all will get along well together if every one will do right; and in this spirit everything is managed harmoniously.

The society owns the whole settlement, and carries on all the business, including that of the lumber-yard, store, hotel, etc. They hire considerable on their farm and in their factories, and claim that even in Iowa, with their 30,000 acres of choice land, farming operations do not pay. About three miles from Homestead, on the Des Moines river, they have a fine water-power, flouring and woolen mills, and manufacture an extra quality of yarns and fine flannels in colors. The latter goods stand high in market, and are mostly bought up by a few first-class retailers in the large cities. The Amani-



ans have a high reputation for uprightness in all their dealings with the outside world, and are much respected in their vicinity. I saw extensive barns on their farms, which is a rare sight in this western world, where barns are almost unknown. Their horses looked well, and I was told that they paid considerable attention to the raising of full-blooded Durhams and other choice stock. I should have been pleased to have spent more time with these people, and hope at a future day to be able to form a more extended acquaintance with them.

H. G. A.

## BIRDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Your extract from the *Cincinnati Commercial* on the "Feathered Songsters of England" consoles me. I have been one among the many who regret not having heard the Nightingale. Not so with the Lark, however; and to hear him so highly extolled by one who seems well qualified to draw a comparison between the two birds is really comforting. Assuredly, if the bird of the night be of a melancholy cast, "that all night long telleth to the moon her tale of tender woe," I should prefer the bird of day. Sweet Philomela may suit some temperaments, but give me the brilliancy, the unquenchable fire, of the "song rocket," as the Lark is aptly termed. I shall never, no never, forget the impression made on my youth by his thrilling sallies, intensified, as it seems, in proportion as he nears the vault of heaven—then dropping the song (after singing himself out of sight) as though he had made no effort whatever, and reappearing to assure you of the fact by his supreme composure.

The Nightingale has all the conditions in his favor. The turmoil of the day all over, the stillness of the evening, the soothing light of the moon, the very romance of the hour and situation, all contribute to the effect, and Philomela reigns undisputed sovereign of the moment. Still, I should travel far and wide for the sole purpose of judging for myself of the reputed powers of this famous bird. I have eagerly availed myself of all means within my reach to form some idea of the marvel, but in vain. A player like Ole Bull, one would think, might take off the Nightingale to perfection. It visits Norway.

The correspondent of the *Commercial* alludes to the thrush family. Their name is legion, and it requires long experience with close attention to know much about them, either here or in the old world. There is a continual confounding of one species with another, and it follows, of course, that opinions are ever clashing. The song of birds even of the same species differs greatly both in quality of tone and in style of delivery, and in none more so than among the thrushes. But speaking generally, I think the difference between our thrush and that of Europe consists in pungency. There is more of the metallic quality of tone, and when aided by the echo of our great forests it swells to something clarion-like. Then as to style, methinks it is like everything else that is American—there is snap to it. The very climate here is characterized by it. Why should it not affect the winged ones? Accordingly, this thrush of ours goes it with a jerk. There is mighty energy in his utterance. I think it true generally, as the correspondent says, that the bird-song of Europe is sweeter, and I should add, more *flowing*; perhaps that is the reason. Just think of our mocking-bird tribe; what is there abroad like it? There is certainly nothing flowing in their style. Well, the climate over there is more moderate, more conducive to a flowing movement. We have one thrush, however, very far removed from all others in point of style; and it is possible that he has been dubbed the *Hermit* from that fact; otherwise we cannot see the analogy, unless it is be-

cause, unlike the Wood Thrush, he can sing as well alone. His tone is metallic, though soft, and his style of delivery so serene that you have only to listen to him for a while attentively, to think yourself the happiest of mortals. He prefers open woods, and seems to like plenty of room when singing. The Wood Thrush, on the contrary, likes to give it back and forth with forty others, if he can find them, filling the woods with jubilation. When you meet with a good specimen of the *Hermit*—nothing in the thrush line can surpass him; that is, if you wish to be soothed; otherwise you must go to the Wood Thrush.

AMATEUR.

O. C., June 9, 1872.

## THE BAT.

WHAT has become of our native bat? Thirty years ago nearly every dwelling in the country had its quota of bats; but their disappearance has been so nearly universal that at the present time we rarely get sight of one. The cause of the diminution of this quadruped can of course only be conjectured; but I suspect that the substitution, which has taken place all over the country, of substantial buildings of wood and brick for the old, loosely formed clapboarded structures, has considerably to do with the declining numbers of the bat, by cutting off his wonted and comfortable retreat in the walls of primitive buildings. Whether this will be found to be the principal cause or not may be an open question. Whatever it may be, the fact of his disappearance is to be regretted, as it is not only harmless in its nature, but is, on the contrary, an actual blessing to the farmer and fruit-grower because of its consuming such multitudes of noxious insects. Our North American bat hibernates, and is nocturnal in its habits, searching for food during the nighttime only. It is also well-known to entomologists and horticulturists that the moths and beetles, which do most harm to the gardener and fruit-grower, are only active in the evening and during warm nights in spring and summer. It is then, when the dusk of twilight has shut out the glare of day, that the bat issues from its place of concealment in search of its natural food; consisting chiefly of the evening insects which are the greatest foes of the husbandman. All, and especially those who cultivate the soil, should therefore befriend the bat.

May not the comparative freedom from insect depredation which fruits and fruit-trees enjoyed thirty or forty years ago be ascribed in a great measure to the vigilance of this little animal? I well remember sitting when a boy in the dusk of evening and counting the bats by the fifties, as they issued from their hiding-places in the crevices of old buildings and flew away in search of food, which they always take on the wing. At that time such a thing as a wormy apple-tree was scarcely known, and moths and beetles were not seriously troublesome. The few old buildings which remain in the country may still be tenanted by bats; a small number of the dead trees in the remaining forests may still serve to conceal a few animals under their loose bark; but I fear that the fate of the bat is sealed, unless indeed, some means can be devised to reinstate him. An effort in this direction, if successful, would doubtless prove a greater boon to the country at large than the importation of all the sparrows which England contains. Birds are no doubt a blessing to mankind; but as protectionists they bear no comparison to the bat; because all insect-eating birds, while destroying enemies, also devour many friends; and some of the tribes tax us heavily by way of tolling our fruits and grain.

H. T.

## A FRIENDLY WORD.

Malone, N. Y., June 3, 1872.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CIRCULAR:—Will you from date send the CIRCULAR to me at this place instead of Brush Mills? I have only time to renew my oft repeated greeting "in the name of the Lord," to thank you heartily for your continued good work for humanity so faithfully performed on your own foundation in faith and hope and love, and to confess my own unswerving fellowship with you therein. It is enough for me that "the tree is known by its fruits." I was much impressed by Wentworth Higginson's testimonial of you, which will surely carry great weight in many quarters. As an old friend and classmate I know him to be a witness as clear-eyed as he is scrupulously honest, and his frank personal disclaimer of any belief in your fundamental communistic principles will only make his pleasant statement of what he observed the more "telling." You are showing the world the many blessings of associative life as opposed to the everywhere prevailing curses and corruptions of our competitive, chaotic civilization. The latter, as many are able to see it, thoroughly organizes and fosters the principle of selfishness, which is its fundamental law. Your Community life embodies and develops the principle of Christian love in such a social body as that which Paul so eloquently describes.

H. J. H.

## FOREST AND FLOOD.

II.

BY R. S. DELATRE.

EVERYTHING tends to prove that the ruin of most of the now desolate valleys in the Alps is due to the irresistible force of the torrents—showing that, aided by frost and heat, it is adequate to level Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa themselves. So thinks Marsh, who has probed the matter pretty thoroughly. The general crusades stirred up by the French Revolution against everything in the shape of a forest was greatly owing to political resentment. When we hear of the constant recurrence of acts like that of William the Conqueror destroying sixty parishes in that country and driving out the inhabitants, just because he wanted their lands for a hunting-ground for himself and his posterity—punishing with death the killing even of a hare; and when we also hear of a monarch like Henry the fourth "signing the sentence of death upon peasants, guilty of having defended their fields against devastation by wild beasts," etc. etc.—what wonder that all associations of the forest should become perfectly odious in the minds of the down-trodden tillers of the soil? What wonder that they should arise *en masse*, and swear utter destruction to everything in the shape of woods? This feeling would extend of course to all (in whatever country) who had suffered from like causes, and we know that the blessings of the feudal system had been widely diffused in Europe. Thus the masses were blinded to the still greater evils (if possible) arising from the indulgence of a very natural passion. The forests went, but the floods came; they saw when too late that not the forest truly, but the lords of the forest, were to blame. "Whole trees were sacrificed for the most trifling ends. The peasants would cut down two firs to make a single pair of shoes." The author sums up: "Thus resentful memory of the wrongs associated with the forest, popular ignorance, and the cupidity of speculators, cunning enough to turn these circumstances to profitable account, combined to hasten the sacrifice of the remaining woods, and waste was produced which hundreds of years and millions of treasures will hardly repair."

Happily, the American has no such account to settle with the past in regard to the woods, and

there can be no palliation in his case for a neglect of the lessons of experience given him by the old world. Says Marsh, "I greatly doubt whether any one of the American States, except perhaps Oregon, has at this moment more woodland than it ought permanently to preserve, though no doubt a different distribution in all of them might be advantageous."

The government of the country should keep hold of the mountains at least, perhaps of all that are not less than one or two thousand feet above the common level—guarding especially against the stripping of all steep declivities. The subject, in fact, should be handled scientifically. The idea of a bureau of sylviculture might appear at first view quixotic; but it would speedily assume another complexion if the merits of the case were fairly considered. We may flatter ourselves that because we have an almost unlimited extent of territory, there is no call for attention to this point. That notion also would soon be disposed of by the labors of a bureau such as the occasion would seem to demand. We would remind the inhabitant of the New World, that it is not yet too late to save his country from a course of experience like that which has overwhelmed so many districts in almost every part of the Old World. Three thousand miles of ocean sweep between us, it is true, but the same laws bear rule with us, and a similar penalty will be demanded for their infraction. "Be wise now, therefore, O ye sons of men: be instructed, ye fellers of the forest."

#### SALTAIRE AND ITS FOUNDER.

ON the banks of the little river Aire, near the old town of Bradford, Eng., is situated the manufacturing village of Saltaire; so named from its founder, Titus Salt. The great factory, which lies nestled among the hills of the most picturesque and romantic portion of Yorkshire, was built as an enlargement for the manufacture of alpaca cloth, which had, under the energetic management of Titus Salt, become one of the chief manufactured products of England. The factory is built of light-colored stone, in the Italian style of architecture, and, together with the warehouses, stables, and artisans' dining-hall, covers an area of over nine acres.

The south front of the principal building, which looks out upon the Aire, is six stories high, 545 feet long, and 72 feet wide. In the center of this main building, on each side of the main entrance, are the massive condensing engines, which collectively supply no less than 1,250 horse-power. The steam is furnished by sixteen boilers placed below ground, in front of the main entrance, and connected by a flue with the main chimney, which rises to the height of 250 feet.

The floors are based on arches of hollow brick, supported by long rows of cast-iron columns and massive cast-iron beams. The roof is iron. The windows are made of large squares of plate-glass. Next to the factory are the warehouses and sheds; among them a weaving-shed holding 1200 looms. On the western side are rooms for sorting, washing, and drying wools, which are supplied with water from a tank beneath, holding 500,000 gallons of filtered water.

The establishment is supplied with extensive gas works, with two large gasometers, which provide light for both factory and town at the rate of about 90 cents per 1,000 feet. The 1,200 looms contained in the factory are capable of producing 30,000 yards of alpaca cloth daily, or over 5,000 miles per annum. Besides alpacas, a large variety of worsted goods are manufactured at Saltaire.

Mr. Salt had no sooner completed and fairly commenced work in his new and spacious factory, than he turned his attention and wealth to providing homes and churches, institutions of education and amusement, for his four thousand work people. The result was the laying out of the present village, with its beautiful cottages of light-colored stone and little plots of grass in front and gardens behind, surrounded with neat iron railings, and supplied with all the conveniences of modern do-

mestic life. The village was begun about twenty years ago, and now contains 30 streets and 763 dwellings and shops. The streets are broad, well-paved, and with rows of trees on each side bounding well-kept lawns, flower-beds and fruit-trees.

The dwellings completed, Mr. Salt (who was created a baronet by Queen Victoria in 1869) proceeded to the erection of the beautiful public edifices which are the striking ornaments of the village. The first built was the Congregational church. This stands near the railway which passes up the valley to Skipton. The church is in the Italian style, like the other Saltaire buildings, and is a model of elegance and good taste. The organ is a fine one, and a beautiful chime of bells occupies the clock-tower. The cost of the church was about \$80,000. The family mausoleum of the Salts is situated on the south side of the church. On Victoria Road, one of the main streets, stands the Saltaire Club and Institute, a building designed to afford recreative instruction to the operators after their day's work is done. It is thus described in the article, "Saltaire and its Founder," in the May No. of *Harper's Monthly*, to which we are indebted for the facts we have already given concerning the operations of one of the world's genuine benefactors:

"It is inclosed within a high railing, and is surrounded by a well-kept lawn, made bright and pleasant to the eye by shrubs and flowers. On pedestals at the angles of the railing are two massive lions, the work of the sculptor Milnes, originally intended to occupy the position in which one now sees Landseer's famous lions at the base of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London. They are noble works of art, and it is almost to be regretted that they should be confined to the obscurity of a Yorkshire village. They are emblematical of 'War' and 'Peace.' The edifice consists of two stories and a basement; its front is divided by a tower rising from the base in semi-relief, and the windows on the first floor are chastely decorated and flanked by fluted Corinthian columns, surmounted by rich and florid capitals. These support semicircular arches, with a head in the center. The summit comprises a series of gracefully adorned panels, parted by tiny columnlets in semi-relief, and flanked at the angles by elegant tower-lets. The entrance is reached by a flight of steps, while above the front door-way are two female statues six feet high, representing 'Art' and 'Science.' The tower is highly and variously ornamented, with a spacious window flanked by Corinthian columns, having rich capitals, and supplied on either side with some fine scroll-work. The tower terminates in the form of an angular cone. Entering the vestibule, which has a decided air of spaciousness and comfort, you find the reading-room on the left and the library on the right. The reading-room is high-walled, well lighted and ventilated, and cheerful, and fitted up with every accessory to a comfortable 'sit-down' to the books and papers. The library is neat and pleasant; out of it are a classroom, cloak-room, and a lavatory. At the end of the vestibule is the great lecture-hall, a noble apartment ninety feet by sixty, and forty feet high, capable of seating eight hundred persons. The windows are large, decorated with chasings, and divided by columns in semi-relief with scroll capitals, which support an adorned ledge, from which the roof springs convexly. The embellishments are fitting and graceful, and the general effect gratifies the taste. In the upper stories of the Institute are to be found the schools of art and science; a lofty and well-lighted billiard-room, with four full-sized tables; and committee rooms; while in the basement one finds a smaller lecture-room; a laboratory, with sets of instruments and apparatus for use in scientific demonstrations, a complete box of instruments being furnished by Sir Titus's generosity to each student in the chemical class; class-rooms; a bagatelle-room; a chess-room; lavatories; an armory and drill-room, with the rifles belonging to the 'Saltaire Corps'; a gymnasium, having a supply of trapezes, horizontal bars, and other gymnastic appliances; and closets and entries for the general convenience. The fees for membership to the Institute are nominal, men above twenty-one years of age paying two shillings a quarter; above eighteen, one and sixpence; boys above thirteen, a shilling; women over eighteen (for whom there are sewing classes), a shilling; and girls between thirteen and eighteen, sixpence. The Institute is open to all the inhabitants of the town, and the instruction given there

includes reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, drawing, chemistry, needlework and gymnastics. The large hall is used for lectures, readings, concerts and other entertainments. The building is also used by various friendly and benefit working-people's societies, the object being to afford these some other place of meeting than the beer-houses: the rooms for these purposes are let for threepence per evening. The objects of Sir Titus in establishing this Institute were, as he stated when it was formally opened in May, 1870, first, to make it a social club—to supply the advantages of public-houses without their evils—and secondly, an educational institution, and as a resort for conversation, business, recreation and refreshment. Believing that 'it is gude to be merrie and wise,' he proposed that the recreative uses of the Institution should occupy a place almost as prominent as that accorded to the means of mental culture. The building was, in the first instance, furnished at Sir Titus's expense, and was then occupied by a committee selected for the purpose at a nominal rent; this committee was appointed half by the firm and half by the members (operatives) of the Saltaire Literary Institute, and holds office and is renewable every six months. In the brief period which has elapsed since its opening, its success as an attractive place whither to draw the operatives from the temptations of the taverns has been fully demonstrated. Even so soon its accommodations are scarcely adequate to the demands upon it. The library, comprising several thousand carefully selected volumes, is in constant use; the lectures and concerts are eagerly attended; the classes are full; and it is observed that the boys and girls in their teens are particularly zealous in their attendance both on the classes of instruction and on the library and reading-room. The scene in the Institute on an evening is a very interesting one; the people take pains to come in neat attire, and behave quietly and orderly, and may be seen gathered in cheery little groups in the various apartments thrown open to their use.

"Within the past year Sir Titus Salt has supplemented the Institute by completing a park for the out-of-door recreation of his people. A portion of land, fourteen acres in extent, which skirts the Aire, and slopes gently down the dale, was inclosed, and within a few months converted into a tasteful and attractive park. The course of the river opposite was so changed as to give it several graceful curves, adding much to the varied beauty of the scene. The park has been laid out with choice trees and shrubs; and it is intersected with pretty avenues and walks, while from the promenade on the river-side a lovely view of Airedale above and below is had. A boat-house and landing-place afford opportunities to those who delight in aquatic sports, while a large section of the park is set apart for a cricket ground, that national game being quite as much a necessity as the park itself. In the center is a tastefully-designed, semicircular, freestone pavilion overlooking the cricket ground, whence the vicissitudes of the game may be watched. There are croquet grounds and bowling-greens, bathing places, alcoves, copses and terraces, sloping knolls, and 'two man-of-war guns' presented by the Admiralty of England. The regulations of the park leave its management in the hands of the firm; and so long as it is not abused it is open free to all the inhabitants of Saltaire.

"The buildings and arrangements for sanitary and educational purposes are admirably adapted to the ends in view. There are forty-five elegantly built almshouses for the reception of the aged and infirm, capable of giving a comfortable retreat to sixty persons at a time. Their style of architecture is Italian, and they are abundantly supplied with ovens, boilers, and pantries, the rooms being generally on the ground-floor, and each almshouse having a flagged yard in the rear. In front there are asphaltum walks and green parterres and flower-beds; beneath the windows honeysuckles, roses, and sweet-brier may be seen growing. The provision made by Sir Titus for the support of the infirm who take refuge in this cheerful purlieu is seven shillings a week to single inmates, and five shillings a week to each of a married couple. Right by the almshouse quadrangle is a neat little chapel, capable of holding seventy persons, well lighted and ventilated, the walls adorned with Scripture texts; here a religious service is held on Sundays, and once during the week-days. The infirmary is built at a corner of the almshouse quadrangle; here medicines are dispensed, and accidents of a character

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not too serious are treated by a surgeon employed for the purpose. In descending the main thoroughfare of Saltaire—Victoria Road—you reach, when about half way to the bridge, a series of handsome buildings set back about sixty feet from the street. They look not unlike some Oriental temple, and you half expect to see a gorgeously appareled procession of dervishes or swarthy priestesses issue from the ornate portals. They are, in fact, the factory schools. Many English manufacturers are more or less averse to and distrustful of education among the work-people. I have heard the owner of a great Manchester factory say, 'Books put all sorts of things into the heads of the lads, and make 'em quite unfit for their business.' Sir Titus Salt welcomes education as his friend and ally. He has found by experience that intelligence far more than doubles the actual manual efficiency of an artisan, and that the artisan who can reason over his machinery is worth two whose labor is mere humdrum mechanical skill. These school-houses are perhaps the chief ornament, if we add their moral significance to their physical beauty, of Saltaire. On either side of the entrance from the gates are garden plots, with trees and flowers and pretty shrubs, while at each corner, on stone pedestals, you observe two massively sculptured lions, representing Vigilance and Determination. The boys' and girls' apartments are situated at opposite ends of the building, each room being eighty feet long, so arranged as to be separated into class-rooms by means of curtains. Recessed cupboards are let into the walls to serve as the repositories for the books, and there are cloak-rooms, lavatories, and ample light and ventilation. The buildings are heated throughout with hot water, and lighted by gas pendants. The Italian style in which they are designed gives a peculiar grace and lightness to their appearance. The wings have pediments, with richly ornamented tympana, beneath which are light Venetian windows supported on columns. The pediment of the central building contains a fine piece of sculpture, embodying the Salt coat of arms; while over it is a bell turret, with figures of children holding instruments of instruction over the central arch. At the sides are large two-light windows supported by consoles, and above, shafts, carved capitals, and pediments. Besides the regular school-rooms for boys and girls, there is a neat little apartment looking out upon a double colonnade, which is used for an infants' school-room. At the rear are large, airy playgrounds, lined with asphalt, portions of these spaces being covered, so as to afford recess recreation in wet weather. The playgrounds are divided, and in that used by the boys there are complete gymnastic appliances. The whole room provided by the school-houses is capable of accommodating, with ample comfort and thorough instruction, seven hundred and fifty pupils.

"The children of the artisan families are admitted to these schools free, and when they graduate from them have received what we should call in America a "good common-school education." The system of instruction is that recommended by the government Council of Education. Religious instruction, both in Sunday-schools and from the pulpit, is given not only in the Congregational church already described, but also in a Wesleyan (Methodist) chapel, which was erected five years ago on a lot given for the purpose by Sir Titus Salt, and the expenses of building which were defrayed by subscriptions and the proceeds of bazaars and tea-parties: it cost some £5500.

"Saltaire possesses, besides the institutions which have been sketched, all the appurtenances and appliances of town life. There are a post-office and a savings-bank, a telegraph office and a public dining-hall, a horticultural society and coöperative societies, an angling association and a cricket club, a brass band, a reed and string band, and a glee and madrigal society, a rifle corps, and men's and women's societies for the relief of the sick. Besides the cottages owned by Sir Titus himself, many others are constantly going up on lots bought from him by master operatives and others."

Grace Greenwood, writes from San Francisco an account of a call she made on the wife of the rebel, General Cosby, who is now living at Chico. She found her a brave, cheery, energetic young wife and mother, full of freshness, enthusiasm, and originality. It was actually by joining in with her children's play one day last winter that she discovered her very decided talent for sculpture. The little ones were manufacturing the immemorial mud-pie. She took up a lump of adobe, and fashioned not a pie, but a pretty little head. The

finer touches of her play-work were done with a hair-pin. Finding the adobe not very pliable, and having no other sort of clay to work with—not knowing anything of the first process of culture—she next cut an ideal head from a large piece of chalk, chiefly with a pair of scissors. Next she purchased a block of marble, and, like a female Buonarrotti, grappled at once with the stone. Without a word of instruction, with no model of drawing, with no proper sculptor's implements, she has already chiseled a small ideal figure, graceful and beautiful—"Mignon" she calls it—and an admirable portrait bust. —*Woman's Journal.*

## THE NEWS.

## AMERICAN.

Congress is adjourned to December 2d.

The Sioux Indians are in arms against the United States.

It seems that the Grenadier Guards' Band of London is after all to take part in the Boston Jubilee exercises.

Laura Fair, who claims that she has been unfairly condemned to death for the murder of Judge Crittenden, is to have another trial, commencing on the 24th inst.

Madame Peschka-Leutner, who has won a great reputation in Germany, has been secured by Mr. Gilmore as the prima-donna of the World's Peace Jubilee concerts.

The workmen's parade in New York city on Monday last was much less imposing than had been anticipated. Four thousand were however in line, including cabinet-makers, upholsterers, polishers, varnishers, piano-makers, bricklayers, coach-makers, etc. The parade was conducted with order, and made a favorable impression on this account.

Dr. Lanahan affirms his conviction that he owes his arrest on Friday last and his night's lodging in Ludlow-st. jail to the officials of the Methodist Book Concern whom he had so vigorously attacked for their participation in the frauds which he did so much to bring to light. He says prominent laymen have told him they do not believe half the frauds perpetrated in the Book Concern have yet been unearthed.

## FOREIGN.

Thomas Carlyle is said to favor a prohibitory liquor law for England.

Italy now admits Jews as teachers in its highest educational institutions.

An inundation of the Po has deprived 22,000 persons of homes in the single province of Ferrara.

The people of Norway are preparing to celebrate the one-thousandth anniversary of Norway's nationality.

Miss Kellogg, the American prima-donna, has been received with great favor by the London lovers of song.

A telegram from Bombay announces the arrival of a steamer from Zanzibar, bringing definite intelligence from Dr. Livingstone. Mr. Stanley, the *Herald* correspondent, had met him, and was at latest advices on his way to the coast with letters from the great African explorer.

Last year the Atalantas were victorious in every boat-race in which they engaged in the United States—which encouraged them to challenge the London Rowing Club. The challenge was promptly accepted, and last Monday the Atalantas were thoroughly beaten in a four-oared race on the Thames.

In the House of Commons, on June 11th, Mr. Gladstone made a statement of the present condition of the Alabama negotiations—the main point being that a proposal had been made to the United States for the postponement of the meeting of the Board of Arbitration for eight months.

South Africa is likely to prove the Eldorado of diamond hunters. It is said to contain "a diamond deposit which in a few weeks has sent home many adventurers rich, which in an incredibly short space of time has gathered about it some 40,000 workers, and raised a desert piece of land in value to \$15,000 for 30 square feet, and which in three months of last year sent down the price of diamonds in London some 50 per cent."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To W. G. B., Lawrence, Miss.—We are unable to give you the desired information.

To A. J. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—You are at liberty to visit the O. C. as you propose, and to bring your friend.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

*Salvation from Sin, the End of Christian Faith;* an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages. By J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents per single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

*History of American Socialisms.* By John Humphrey Noyes. 678 pp. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. London, Trubner & Co. Price \$3.00.

*The Trapper's Guide; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals.* By S. Newhouse. Third edition; with New Narratives and Illustrations. 215 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$2.00.

*Dixon and His Copyists; a Criticism of the Accounts of the Oneida Community in "New America," "Spiritual wives," and kindred publications.* By John Humphrey Noyes. Price, 25 cts.

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